

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## The New Year.

Why did they ring the bells last night  
In steeples white and tall?  
Why was the earth with joy bedight?  
The soft snow over all;  
Was it a dream, or did I hear  
A sound beneath my sill,  
While winter's starlight, cold and clear,  
Revealed the sleeping hill?

Nay, nay, the New Year came last night,  
Another year was born;  
His footprints in the fleecy white  
The watchers saw this morn';  
The newborn guest is at the door,  
A smile up, his brow is blue,  
But he will leave us old and poor  
A fleeting year from now.

He brings to all who wait for him  
A smile, a laugh, a tear;  
So, fill the chalice to the brim  
And drink the Glad New Year;  
Let every heart be gay and light,  
And vanish every sigh,  
A New Year came to us last night  
Adown the winter sky.

Aye, at his beck the birds will sing,  
In Springtime's scented bowers,  
And from beneath his feet will spring  
God's sweetest, fairest flowers;  
He'll tarry till the Summer weaves  
Her web of many hues,  
And Autumn's mid her golden sheaves  
Her happiness renews.

For him the songsters of the dells  
Will strike their clearest strains,  
And buttercups and lily bells  
Will deck the woods and plains;  
His skies will wear the softest blue,  
The brook that seeks the sea  
Will have a song for me and you,  
Beneath the starry tree.

Nor will he leave us till once more  
The earth is robed in snow,  
And on the ever-sounding shore  
The winds of winter's din;  
Then, leaning on his own good staff,  
Kindhearted, old and gray,  
The vintage of the year he'll quaff  
And slowly pass away.

I bless the bells that ring him in,  
With many a song and shout,  
Ere long, I know, and earth's din  
They'll gladly ring him out;  
But while he tarrys at our guest  
Let there be ringing cheer;  
He'll be the friend we love the best—  
The winsome, glad New Year!

He came before the dawn of day,  
A cherub with a smile,  
Adown the filmy starlit way  
He traveled many a mile;  
And at each door all o'er the land  
He knocked and the din;  
And blest be he whose kindly hand  
Was first to let him in.

The chalice fill and let him know  
That love for him is strong,  
Amid the softly falling snow  
O greet him with a song;  
From pole to pole, from sea to sea,  
In accents loud and clear,  
Let every heart be glad and free  
To greet the good New Year.

—T. C. Harbaugh.

## TURNING A NEW LEAF.

It was the last day of the year, and there had been a week or two of bitterly cold weather, with a very heavy fall of snow. The morning dawned bright and beautiful, and the sunlight played on the long icicles that hung from the roofs, and brilliantly illuminated the snow-laden branches of the trees. It had not at present much dissolving power, but as the sun reached the zenith there would no doubt be a rapid thaw. So said James Turner, who in woollen comforter and gloves was industriously sweeping the snow from his doorway, and making a path by which himself and neighbors could cross over to the village shop. I suppose it is really very rude to look in people's windows and yet I should like to take a peep in at Mr. Turner's cottage window and admire little Johnnie; he is sitting on a footstool near a fire, and indeed everything about him is bright. There was no one else in the room, but that did not signify. Having finished his sweeping, James Turner opened the cottage door and asked, "Where's your mother, Johnnie?"

"Upstairs, father," was the reply. "Never mind; I'm going to send poor little Tim to have a warm at that fire."

"All right, father," said Johnnie. "Send him along."

Little Tim came in shivering, with ragged clothing and bare feet. He was of the same age as Johnnie, but much smaller in size, and very pale and fragile-looking. His eyes sparkled when he saw the comfortable-looking Johnnie, and he exclaimed, "Oh, how nice it is!"

"Come along, Tim," said Johnnie. "Here is plenty of room. Oh, my! how cold you are! Put your hands on my porringer, and that will warm them proper."

Tim accepted the invitation, and it must be confessed that when he held the outside of the porringer his eyes fell longingly on the bread and milk it contained.

"Have you had your breakfast?" asked Johnnie.

"No!" said Tim sadly; "my mother has nothing for me this morning."

"Oh, my!" said Johnnie again. "Well, never mind; eat that up quick."

And poor little Tim the emptied porringer, and basked in the warmth of the fire until stranger questions suggested themselves, and child like, he asked them: "Where do you get your milk?"

"We never have any. My mother never has any penny for it. I wonder why some people have money and others have none."

Johnnie was puzzled now, but at last he said thoughtfully: "I know why you have no money; it is because your father has not yet turned over a new leaf."

Tim looked puzzled now, but Johnnie continued: "A good long while ago I had no socks or shoes, and my mother had no money, and father was often cross with her; but one day we had such a jolly supper that I wondered about it, and I asked if we should ever have another as good, and father said, 'Yes, Johnnie, plenty of them, for I have turned over a new leaf; and since then we had fires and milk, and pudding, and clothes, and I have a Sunday suit in the cupboard. Tomorrow we shall have a New Year's gift, and it is to be a clock; and it all comes from father turning over a new leaf'."

Just then Mrs. Turner came downstairs, and with true kindness spoke to little Tim, and then asked Johnnie if he had given Tim any pictures to look at. "No, mother," said Johnnie; "we have been having a serious talk."

Mrs. Turner looked amused, but she asked, "What has Johnnie been saying to you, Tim?"

"He has told me about the new leaf, and I shall ask my father to get one."

"Poor little fellow! it will be a happy thing for you if your father will alter. God help you all this winter."

Mrs. Turner found some clothes that her own little son had outgrown, and they were plenty large enough for her neighbor's child, and the little boys were both delighted with the change in Tim's appearance; but as Mr. Turner was coming home to dinner now, they sent Tim to his mother to tell his wonderful story, and to give her a new shilling as Mrs. Turner's New Year's gift.

That same night Tim Raglan the elder came home earlier than usual and apparently in good spirits.

"To-morrow will be New Year's Day, mother," he said jocularly. "Will you stand treat?"

"I wish I could," she said; "but, Tim, come and show yourself to your father?"

Tim came willingly, and his clothes were felt and admired, until nobody could say any more about them.

"Ah!" said Tim the father, "some people do get on. I remember when Jim Turner's wife had an empty cupboard, and no money for firing."

"Yes," said little Tim, "Johnnie told me about it; and he says they have plenty now, because his father turned a new leaf."

"What does he mean by that?" asked Raglan; but his countenance showed that he knew well enough what it meant.

"Couldn't you turn a new leaf, father?" said the little boy, looking with pleading eyes into his father's face. "It would be nice to have bread and milk for breakfast in a nice hot porringer. Why, father, Johnnie says they buy their milk from Old Styles, and it's just delicious. Could you turn a new leaf, father?"

"I am afraid not," said the man huskily, and he hastily left the room and the cottage.

Mrs. Raglan feared he had gone off to the public-house, and scolded little Tim for letting his tongue run so fast; and so at the close of what had been to Tim a wonderfully happy day, he crept to his comfortable bed, sad and heavy hearted. Poor Tim! His last conscious thought was, "I wish father would turn over a new leaf."

About an hour afterward there was a gentle knock at Mrs. Raglan's door, and to the poor woman's joyful surprise she found it was Mrs. Turner.

"I thought you would like to know your husband is in our house and having a chat with mine. Your good times are coming. I've brought you a few sticks for your fire, and a little bit of tea; now you cheer up, and when we send him in you make him as comfortable as you can, God help you!"

Poor Mrs. Raglan was unable to speak, but she speedily lighted her fire and put on the kettle, and then slipped over to the shop and got a loaf and a rasher of bacon, changing her new shilling for the purpose. And sure enough Timothy Raglan returned to his cottage in a penitent state of mind. Very timidly he spoke of his resolutions to turn over a new leaf, but he made it, and James Turner had promised to help him in every possible way. He found it hard sometimes, but he said he prayed to God for grace to keep his vow, and every day it was easier; and now he could not live without prayer, neither could he go without his comforts very willingly; but the new leaf is still new, and he means to keep it.

Well, to finish my story. Let me tell you little Tim woke up and smelled the bacon cooking, and in a great hurry jumped out of bed and called out, "Mother they are cooking the New Year's dinner in at Johnnie Turner's."

"Poor little chap!" said Raglan. "Come here, Tim, and hear the glad news. I am going to turn over a new leaf."

On his father's knee little Tim sobbed out his thankfulness, and thought how soon his home would be like Johnnie's and what a good thing it was to have a new leaf to turn.—*Home and School.*

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## General Sir Evelyn Wood.

The failing of deafness afflicts one of the great officials at the British War office, the Adjutant-General, Sir Evelyn Wood. Some little time ago Sir Evelyn was the honored guest of a certain literary club, and its chairman, in giving the toast of the evening, enlarged very properly on the many and great services of the distinguished General.

When Sir Evelyn got up to reply he began with, "That reminds me," and proceeded to tell a number of excellent stories, not one of which even remotely referred to the speech of introduction, of which he had not heard a single word.

On another occasion a colleague who wished to discuss some important official business with him, arranged to dine with him at one of the military clubs. He had forgotten about the hardness of hearing and was obliged to raise his voice so high that every one's attention was attracted, and secrets would have leaked out had not the pair promptly retired to a more private apartment.

In all other respects Sir Evelyn Wood rejoices in unimpaired vitality. Always a fine horseman, he hunts still with all hounds that can be reached from London. He is also an enthusiastic cyclist and is often to be seen spinning along on his wheel.

The gallant General is also a devoted admirer of the *beau sexe*. Apropos of this story is told which is worth repeating. One of Sir Evelyn's chief subordinates, after patient waiting, had at last got speech with him and was transacting business, when the door was thrown open wide and the messenger announced: "Mrs. X-Y-Z!"

The staff officer was obliged, of course, to gather up his papers and go, but on reaching the door he spoke sharply to the messenger who had introduced the lady so inopportunely.

"Mrs. X-Y-Z always has the *hentry*!" said the man loftily, as though he were speaking of Royalty.

Sir Evelyn is not the only army officer who honors the fair sex. One day, the Duke of Cambridge was Commander-in-Chief, there was a meeting of the Army Board which dealt with promotions, and when the name of the first man was mentioned the Duke protested that he had never even heard it.

"Why, sir, he is Mrs. Smith's husband," said Sir Evelyn Wood.

"What! That charming woman! Promote him by all means!"

Next came Jones; but the Duke had heard something of Jones, not in his favor.

"First-class officer," urged Sir Redvers Buller; "great student; has passed through the Staff College."

"Ah! to be sure!" cried the Duke. "I remember I knew there was something against him."

Last of all came Robinson, a good all-round officer, but with one serious defect; he was deaf.

"Dead!" interposed Sir Evelyn Wood. "Then he does not want promotion."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

## What To Do In Case of Fire.

In fires, the danger, immediate though it may seem, is never instantaneous. There are always a few minutes in which to seek for a means of safety.

Take a few examples: A woman's hair takes fire; she seizes a towel, wraps it around her head and then, running rapidly to the bath room, puts her head under the faucet. She will escape with very slight burning. You are cleaning your gloves with benzine and it catches fire. If the gloves are on your hand it will be sufficient to thrust them under a rug or a cushion. The flames will go out at once for lack of air.

Suppose you have committed the great imprudence of filling a kerosene lamp while it is still hot; the kerosene has taken fire, the lamp has fallen and the flames leap up to the ceiling. Pull down the curtains as quickly as you can and remove any inflammable furniture that is near; then throw wet cloths on the flames to smother them. Never throw water on burning oil; it floats on the water, but when it has ceased to run and burns in separate spots, water may be used to extinguish the burning objects.

A certain takes fire: Remove the furniture at once, draw the curtain to one side, and taking a wet cloth on a broom, beat the curtain with it. You can then easily put out a fire that might have become serious.

Going at night into a closet with a lighted candle you set fire to a dress. Do not try to pull it out; you will only increase the damage. Shut the door quickly and go for pails of water. You can throw in after opening the door again. You will perhaps save some of your clothes, and at any rate you will prevent the destruction of your house.

When the clothes you are wearing take fire, it is the most elementary prudence not to run and not to open a window to call for help; this only aids the flames. You should simply roll on the floor and try to smother with part of your dress the portions that are burning, or jump into bed.

Often an incipient blaze can be very easily put out. Various forms of apparatus have been invented to assist in such cases. They are of two kinds:

One kind contains chemical substances that will produce, when mixed by a simple movement, carbonic acid gas. This gas exerts pressure on the water in the apparatus, which it projects to a distance. The capacity of such extinguishers is limited to admit six gallons. Beside this their mechanism is delicate and at the moment when you want to use them the stopcocks may be rusted so that they will not turn.

Buckets of water placed where they can easily be reached by the watchman are of greater value; grenades are also used in many establishments. Here is what M. Felton Michotte, an engineer who has written an interesting book on the subject, has to say:

"Grenades are glass bottles containing a liquid which, either in contact with the fire or when the bottle breaks, gives off non-combustible gases that produce a sort of artificial cloud, preventing the access of air to the burning objects. One of these liquids is made by dissolving twenty pounds of cooking salt and ten sal ammoniac in eight gallons of water.

"This is all very well in theory, but practically it does not always work. The grenade must be thrown exactly on the fire. Now, in a moment of excitement the most skillful will throw it to one side and there will be no result. But this is not all; there is real danger. In the charity bazaar fire there were grenades hanging along the wall; these, under the action of fire,

burst and prevented the victims from seeing their way."

Means of defense that are at every one's disposal are: Pails of water, the use of moist mops and brooms, earth or sand, and soda water siphons. Simple precautions will enable us to prevent a conflagration in most cases. With presence of mind and a few buckets of water, most fires may be put out even before the arrival of the engines.—*Literary Digest.*

## Saw I Through the Disguise.

On Franklin avenue there is a little shop where they deal in surgical instruments and things like that. In a closet they keep a long-jointed skeleton.

The skeleton is nicely mounted and connected with an electric battery in such a way that by touching a button it dances and gesticulates in a furious manner.

One of the salesmen in the place is so thin that dogs follow him on the street. This salesman sold a nice bill of goods to a doctor up town.

The doctor was in a hurry and sent his boy after the instruments.

The boy entered the store and asked for the salesman. He was busy and the office boy asked the doctor's boy to sit down. The two lads got to talking and pretty soon fell to bragging.

"Guess you never seen 'em out a feller's leg off?" said the doctor's boy.

"Dat's nothin'; I seed er chap killed plumb dead on der trolley on Grand avenue enot," retorted the store boy. "I bet yer never walked through a graveyard at night," remarked the doctor's boy. Then a horrible thought came to the store boy.

"Dat's nothin'," said he. "We have got somethin' worse dan dat here. Did yer ever see der devil?"

"Naw," said the doctor's boy. "Wat's he look like?"

"Looks like der devil," said the store boy.

"Come here," and he led the way to the closet with the skeleton. "He looks jes' likes dis," and he threw open the door and touched the button, setting the arms and legs of the skeleton going in all directions.

With a howl of terror the doctor's boy darted out into the street. He can run half a block away and there he stood looking back, his eyes popping out of his head. Just then the thin salesman entered the store and learned that his customer's boy had been there for the goods.

After considerable questioning the boy in the store confessed what had happened. The salesman went to the door and saw the doctor's boy standing on the other side of the street.

"Come over here, boy," cried the salesman.

"It's all right."

The boy took one look at him, saw how cadaverous he was, and yelled back:

"No, yer don't! I know yer, even if yer has got yer clothes on!"

## A New Alarm Clock.

Of what advantage is an alarm clock to a deaf man? has been frequently asked. A good man in Brookline, without the least selfish motive, recently demonstrated before 40 of his deaf and dumb fellow citizens that an alarm clock which he was recently invented would arouse any of them at a stated time and do almost anything short of lifting them bodily out of bed.

We forget that sound is only one channel of consciousness. By the aid of electricity this new alarm clock will send a powerful electric light into a man's "peepers," and shake his pillow so violently that he is awakened without fail. If one were so inclined, he might imagine a nickel-in-the-slot attachment by which the awakened sleeper could call for an "eye-opener" besides.

As the inventor asks for no reward but the consciousness of having benefited his afflicted fellow men, it is not necessary to mention his name.—*Boston Globe.*

The English waiter in London is becoming extinct. There are now 15,000 foreign waiters in that city, the greatest numbers of whom come from Germany.

## The Passing Year.

The sobbing wind, the lowering sky,  
The trembling, withered leaf,  
Now more in the summer days gone by—  
All nature's robed in grief.

The leafless trees, so long and cold,  
Are bending to the blast;  
No more for them the flame and gold,  
Their day of splendor's passed.

And as I watch the falling rain  
Our city, sea and world,  
A thought steals o'er me fraught with pain—  
The year is growing old.

Thus, year by year, the flowers fade  
As seasons come and go,  
A few short months of tribute paid,  
Then comes the winter's snow.

But Hope foretells that coming spring,  
With grateful sun and showers,  
To add earth again will bring  
Its former wealth of flowers.

As life draws near its autumn days,  
Each season shorter seems:  
We're borne along o'er a stormy way,  
Leaving our cherished dreams.

And when one year has reached its close  
And we have gone to sleep  
With loved ones in sweet repose,  
No one for us should weep.

For God is Father over all;  
He gave us life and breath;  
Through Him, when passed beyond recall,  
We'll triumph over death.

—*Ram's Horn.*

## The Boy as an Investment.

James M. Dodge, the president of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, in a speech at the commencement of the Williamson Trade School in Philadelphia, which is printed in *St. Nicholas*, took the novel view of a boy that he represents a "potential, investment," and urged his ambitious hearers to "invest in themselves."

According to Mr. Dodge the average boy at 16 is worth \$3000—that is, he usually earns 5 per cent interest upon that sum, or \$3 a week. And one can calculate his own "capitalized" value by this rule: As many thousands invested as his salary per week amounts for vacation or illness.

The boy who goes direct into a machine shop, according to Mr. Dodge's figures, increases his capitalized value to \$7,400 at 19, when he finishes his three years; to \$13,200 at 21, when he becomes a full fledged workman, and to \$15,000 at 24, beyond which time his value and his earnings do not much vary.

Making a plea for the trade school, Mr. Dodge traces the value of the lad who enters it, and by learning principles instead of set tasks which do not vary, increases his capitalization much more rapidly. He enters the shop at 19 at \$12 per week, or capitalized at \$12,000. At 24 he is getting \$20 per week and at 27 he is getting \$25 per week, representing a value of \$25,000, and is still mounting. In his case there is no limit to the possibilities.

Perhaps the 5 per cent basis is rather too high for capitalization, because there is always the risk of sudden death and the certainty of death eventually. But so is there in these days danger to the man who has \$25,000 invested at a rate as high as 5 per cent. Safe investments rule lower.

Why should a young man learn his trade better in a trade guild than as an apprentice in a shop? asks Mr. Dodge.

"It has been that a three years' course in a trades school, in which an average of but in a few hours a day are devoted to actual manual labor, can in no way compare with three years' time spent in a shop. I feel that this is a popular error."

"In shop work a man may spend months in repetition of the same task, to no ultimate advantage to the worker. Instead of his skill being quickened it is dulled. He very quickly acquires the skill which is unconscious in its operation, and like the old lady with the knitting needle, can talk to a fellow workman or think and dream about far distant places and matters without in any way lessening the rate of production."

"In fact, sometimes the pace might be actually quickened by some emotion having an exciting effect upon his nervous organization. In the same way that the old lady, in chatting with her friends, will knit fast or slow in harmony with the dullness or animation of the conversation. It is quite obvious that repetitive routine work is not desirable for a young man of natural ambition and aptitude, in the trade school he escapes routine, but

is instructed in the underlying principles of his work.

"I have a letter from the president of the Williamson Trade School in which he says that the cost of training their boys is about \$500 per annum each, \$1500 for three-year term. Bear in mind that during this time the boys get very little, and some get nothing, from outside sources. This cost is truly astounding when you consider that Mr. Williamson's payment of \$1500 for each of the scholars shows an increase in potential value of the individual of \$9000, or a gain of six times the investment."

Other figures on the value of education—of investing money in the boy to improve his commercial value—are quite as striking. Of the men who have risen to success which entitles them to mention in "Who's Who" a very much higher proportion are of the highly educated or of even the graduated of the ordinary schools.

## New and Old Wonders.

The seven world wonders of antiquity were:

The pyramids, Babylon's gardens, Mausolus' tomb, the Temple of Diana, the colossus of Rhodes, Jupiter's statue by Phidias, and the Pharos of Egypt, or, as some substitute, the palace of Cyrus.

The seven wonders of the middle ages were:

The coliseum of Rome, the catacombs of Alexandria, the great wall of China, Stonehenge, the leaning tower of Pisa, the porcelain tower of Nankin, and the mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople.

How will these compare with the seven wonders of the modern world? Perhaps there may be a difference of opinion as regards the latter-day wonders, but permit me to name these:

The steam railroad, the telegraph, the telephone, the wireless telegraph, the ocean steamship, the submarine man-of-war and the airship.

We of the new world have a few wonders seven of which are:

The Brooklyn bridge, the underground railroad, including tunnels to Jersey City and Brooklyn, the Washington monument, the Capitol at Washington, with its dome, weighing 8,000,000 pounds; the modern steel skyscraper, the Echo mountain search-light of 375,000,000 candle-power, and the United States steel corporation.

We are speaking of things made by man; of those wonders given to us by God the seven are:

Niagara Falls, the Mammoth cave, Old Faithful, the tireless geyser in Yellowstone park, the big trees (Sequoia) of California, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, the great fresh water lakes and the Great Salt lake.—*New York Press.*

## Injecting or Training.

Any trained instructor can inject; none but educated men and women can train the mind." So says the *Fortnightly Review*, and it is a great truth, the full significance of which democracy has been very slow to see. It is wonderful, the influence in the school room possessed by many men and women with comparatively little education. But while it is true that without that influence no person, however well educated, can succeed in the instruction of children, at the same time it is perfectly evident to the competent observer that the ideal of such teachers is to "inject" knowledge into, rather than to train the mind. The main reason, we sometimes think, why the educated person is so often at a disadvantage in the average school-room is because he has in view in his work mind-training rather than mind-filling. The narrow mind, if vigorous and influential, meets the examination tests better than the broader and more highly-educated brain. The ideals of the two minds in the school-room cannot be the same. What the schools want to-day are men and women, not only born with the power to influence, but of culture and education that will make each room the center of all that is refined and broadening. Pedlers, paupers and pulis,—it is about time they were shown the school-room door.—*Popular Educator.*



## Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 31, 1903.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 103d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the meanest  
Neath the all beholding eye,  
That our joy is also done to us,  
And they are placed most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

THE present volume of the JOURNAL contains fifty-three numbers, as the year began and ends on Thursday, our day of publication.

However, there is no extra charge for this additional number. But we would respectfully call attention to the fact that throughout the year, and on every Thursday of the year, the JOURNAL has been promptly sent to subscribers, laden with good literature, wholesome comment, and all the latest news concerning the deaf.

All of the great meetings of the year by Associations of the deaf have been faithfully reported and the main features given in detail.

Two conventions—one in this country and the other in England—were simply recorded in brief, because they did not seem to come exactly within the province of the JOURNAL. We refer to the meeting of the Educational Association (Section XVI for the deaf and blind) which held sessions last July in Boston, and the British Association of the Deaf and Dumb, held in the same month at St. Saviour's Church, London.

Full reports were given of the convention of the Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes, held in Rochester; the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, at Johnstown; the Maryland Convention at Baltimore; the Nebraska Convention at Omaha; and the Maine and New Hampshire Conventions, held respectively at Concord and Nashua.

Besides these, there were full and entertaining accounts of all the balls, picnics, parties, excursions, and other entertainments that have been held during the year.

No happening of any importance which related to the deaf in any part of the world has been overlooked, and no topic that has come before the public directly or remotely connected with the deaf, has failed to get in the JOURNAL columns a courteous and fair consideration.

And now, on the threshold of a New Year, we would again repeat that the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is published to uphold the best interests of all the deaf. They are all welcome to use its columns for the dissemination of news or the expression of opinion. We have our staff of regular correspondents, but there is no exclusive right conferred upon them. Any one who has something to say that is worth printing, has the privilege freely accorded him.

We want to make our subscription list larger than ever during 1904, and hope that all present subscribers will try to induce their deaf friends to send in the necessary dollar for a year. The deaf should not neglect the great newspaper force that is being used in their behalf.

To the deaf, one and all, we wish "A Happy New Year."

ONE of the neatest blotters that has come to the JOURNAL office for a long time, is sent by Jay Cooke Howard, Secretary of the Howard Investment Company, Duluth, Minn. It is backed with celluloid, decorated with holly leaves and berries, and the Investment Co.'s card printed thereon. The fastener is a staple the head of which is embellished with the rubicund visage of Santa Claus.

THE newly appointed Assistant Quartermaster General, stationed at Governor's Island, New York, Col. J. W. Jacobs, is the youngest son of John A. Jacobs, who, for forty-four years was principal of the Kentucky Institution for the Deaf, at Danville.

A NEAT little match safe, made of Aluminum, duly stamped with the Eisendrath Glove Company's announcement that their goods are all "union made," etc., is ocular and substantial evidence that our friend, Oscar H. Regensburg, has got his well-known hustling capacity into action for the year 1904.

### THE TWELVE GREATEST MEN.

THOSE MOST EMINENT IN HISTORY, EXCLUSIVE OF BIBLICAL CHARACTERS.

Replying to a question as to the 12 most eminent men in history, excluding Biblical characters, William E. Curtis, writing in the Chicago Record-Herald, says: I would rank first of the 12 Buddha, a man of humble origin, who was born in a little village in the Himalaya Mountains in the year 560 B. C., and died in 472 B. C.

He taught a simple and a sublime faith, which has been accepted by a larger number of people than any other. And it is the highest source of gratification to the Buddhist believers that no drop of blood was ever shed in the propaganda. The adherents of the Buddhist faith today number about 400,000,000. The foundation of the religion preached by Buddha is defined as the four noble truths—love of mankind, holy calm, the suppression of desire and the protection of life. True Buddhists will never kill an animal or even an insect.

Next in influence perhaps, and with almost as many followers as Buddha is Confucius, a Chinese philosopher who lived from 550 to 498 B. C. He taught no religion but was a great moralist, and his maxims are the foundation of Chinese morals, law, justice and system of government. With the great majority of the Chinese education is limited to the study of his maxims.

Mahomet, the camel driver (570-642 A. D.), the founder of the Moslem religion and the author of Koran, has probably exercised as much influence as any man who ever lived except Buddha and Confucius, although he was illiterate and his teachings are mostly plagiarism from the Old Testament. The followers of Mahomet today number not less than 300,000,000 and the adherents of no religion are more sincere, devoted and scrupulous in practicing the principles of their faith.

Perhaps Constantine the Great (272-337 A. D.), the Roman emperor who first accepted and recognized the Christian religion, should be numbered next, for he was the founder of both the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches. During his reign and through his influence Christianity was substituted for paganism in the civilized nations of the earth.

Martin Luther (1483-1546), the founder of the Protestant faith. I think should come next, and after him Charlemagne (782-814), who may be termed the founder of modern civilization, for during his reign began the movements which developed the present conditions of society and government.

Alfred the Great of England (871-901) should perhaps be ranked before Charlemagne, but is placed after him because he lived a hundred years later. He was the founder of law courts, trial by jury, and first overthrew the doctrine that "might makes right," which had prevailed among human beings up to his reign. He was the first to establish in a practical manner the principle that reason should be more respected than force. Alfred the Great was also the founder of the modern system of education.

George Washington (1632-1799) naturally comes next as the founder of civil liberty.

We have four places to dispose of and I should assign them to:

Napoleon Bonaparte (1769-1821) the greatest of soldiers.

Michael Angelo (1475-1564), the greatest of architects, artists and sculptors.

William Shakespeare (1564-1616), the greatest of writers, and Plato (427-347 B. C.), the founder of philosophy and ethics.

### Services for Western New York.

St. Paul's, Buffalo—Every Sunday at 11 A.M. The Holy Communion will be celebrated on the second Sunday of the month.

St. Luke's, Rochester—On the first Sunday of the month, Holy Communion at 10:45 A.M. On all other Sundays, Evening Prayer, 7:30 P.M.

Services at other points will be arranged by special appointment.

C. ORVIS DARTZKE, Missionary,  
231 Grand Avenue,  
Rochester, N. Y.

Rubber, spun glass, steel and ivory, are the most elastic substances.

## NEW YORK.

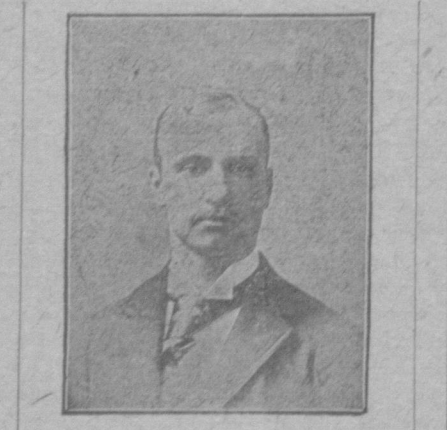
### A Birthday Joyously Celebrated.

### CHRISTMAS FESTIVALS

### Union League Elections—Et Cetera.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.  
A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Mr. Robert E. Maynard rounded his thirty-third milestone on the road of life, Friday, December 18th. The occasion was made the cause of a birthday party at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henning, in the Bronx. For the convenience of those invited the party was held Saturday evening. The guests straggled in from various quarters and by half past eight all had arrived. The ladies rushed at once to the kitchen to assist Mrs. Henning with the culinary part of the program. The gentlemen made themselves comfortable in the cozy parlor, swapping fish stories, ghost stories, and stories wonderful but impossible. Meanwhile appetites were getting sharper and sharper, till finally Mr. Maynard marched in the room, and then marched out with the gentlemen and their ladies following at his heels.



ROBERT E. MAYNARD.

The dining room was prettily decorated—the top of the table more so, and soon the clatter of knives and forks, the rattle of dishes and the click of ivory cutlery on the table, and the siren-like screech of Mr. Schuermann as he took his soup.

It wasn't the menu that made everybody so merry. It was the talk that slid around, the brilliant wit of Mr. Murray Campbell clashing with the vivaciousness of Mr. Jules Maria and his beautiful wife. Mr. Schuermann tried to be dignified, but it was no use, and even Mr. Hockstuh managed to raise a laugh between courses. The menu was skillfully prepared by Mrs. Henning.

MENT:  
Soup  
Cream Tomato  
Relishes  
Celery  
Gherkins  
Roast Turkey  
Cranberry Sauce  
Creamed Onions  
Potatoes  
Spinach  
Macaroni  
Dessert  
English Plum Pudding  
Mum's Extra Dry  
Cafe Noir  
Cigars

When the table had been cleared and the blue wreaths of cigar smoke went curling up toward the ceiling, toastmaster John H. Keiser arose. The following toasts were responded to:

The Birthday we Celebrate:  
"What shall the new year bear to him?  
The shadow or the sun?  
A hope—a beam—  
A sunshine gleam—  
Love's long interrupted dream—  
Or dark for daylight done?"  
JOHN H. KEISER

The Fish I've Lost:  
"This world is but a fleeting show,  
To man's illusion given;  
The honest men we used to know,  
Are sawing wood in heaven."  
AMANDUS W. HENNING

To Woman:  
"The fairest work of the Great  
Author: the edition is large, and no  
man should be without a copy."  
JULIE L. MARIA

To our Past:  
"Here's to its labor, its griefs and pain,  
Its frosts and shadows, snow and rain,  
Hard to bear then,  
They fashioned us men.  
Fill up the glasses—  
We'll toast them again."  
MURRAY CAMPBELL

Good Times:  
"May the present meeting be oft repeated."  
ALBERT HOCKSTUHL

Dear Old Jersey:  
"On the plains of far off Jersey,  
The click of glass be heard;  
It penetrates to Denmark—  
And strikes his pater's ears.  
And patient Anton's pillow,  
Is lifted to the night,  
That he may hear the music  
And know that all is right."  
HENRY B. SCHUERMANN

The Midnight Bite:  
"Just a bite at midnight,  
When the lights are high,  
When the hot Welsh rarebit  
Softly meets your eye!  
Just a pickled lobster,  
Just some bisque ice-cream!  
Just a bite at midnight—  
Then love's long dream—  
Oh, wha-a-at a dre-e-e-am!"  
ROBERT E. MAYNARD

Mr. Henning's story of his battle with an eight-pound pickled eel was a bit too much. Mr. Jules Maria after toasting woman in a happy way, furnished the antidote by telling of a fish he caught in a fish market in France, winding up with an account of a Christmas dinner of a Frenchman, and his quaint humor and sign making kept the company in good humor.

It was long after midnight when the guests departed, vowing they had a grand time, and wishing Mr. Maynard many more turns around the wheel of life. The guests bore away souvenirs in the shape of handsome lithographed calendars.

In addition to names mentioned above, there were present Mrs. A. W. Henning, Mrs. Jules Maria, Mrs. A. J. Hockstuh, and Miss Margaret Hogan.

December 26th was the anniversary of the consecration of St. Ann's Church for the Deaf-Mutes, and a commemorative service was held by Rev. Dr. Chamberlain at eight o'clock in the evening. The service was short, because the Christmas Festival in the Guild Room was set for nine o'clock on the same evening.

The committee in charge of this latter affair was headed by Mrs. Emma Brown, and in the short time from the formation of the committee, she did wonders. The others were Mrs. Tobin, Misses Mabel and Violet Pearce, Louisa Kummer, Rachel Fenalli, Katie Ehrlich, Lizzie Thadwail, supplemented by Messrs. Elsworth, Isaac N. Soper, E. A. Hodgson, Mr. Elsworth did about all the work for the gentlemen's division of the committee, and deserves thanks and credit.

Mrs. Charles Thompson also worked hard and well, making the biscuit and sandwiches for the entire party, for which generous aid all will remember her with gratitude.

The Guild room was beautifully decorated with festoons of tissue rope and crepe paper. There were five Christmas bells made of crepe paper and suspended from the ceiling at equal spaces from the entrance to the little stage that had been erected for the Christmas pantomime.

The pantomime told the story of a husband and wife and daughter reunited on Christmas eve, after years of separation.

Miss Kummer was the deserted wife, and with her little daughter, enacted with touchings effect by little Gracie Meinken, when the curtain is drawn, is seen in an abode of poverty. The little girl asks if Santa Claus is coming, and to humor her, she is allowed to write a letter in which she asks Santa Claus to bring papa home to them again. They go out into the cold, and during their absence the husband returns, reads the letter and decides to act as a real Santa Claus. He comes through the chimney in regulation Santa Claus style and outfit, is seen by the little girl, and after a short conversation with the wife, he takes off his mask disclosing his identity, and all are once more happy, especially as the husband has been to the Klondike and accumulated a fortune.

In the play, Miss Kummer was quite sad and sorrowful at the proper time, but did not display the feeling expected when the husband returned. As for Mr. Elsworth, as the husband, he was quite matter-of-fact from start to finish. Only little Gracie Meinken displayed emotion and gladness at the homecoming of her papa, vicariously at the sight of Santa Claus, and of old like optimism when all was cold and comfortless in the wretched room where they lived.

All received generous applause as the curtain fell.

Then Mr. Elsworth and Master Thompson, each garbed as a Santa Claus, gave presents to all, following which, a coterie of pretty young ladies, in white aprons, and with sprigs of holly in their hair, served all with dainty refreshments, consisting of sandwiches, cake, coffee, etc. Mrs. Tobin was engineer of the coffee urn, and everybody praised the beverage she made. Mrs. Brown had the provision table under her deft hand and watchful eye. Several gentlemen handed round coffee, but I have forgotten who they were.

Quite a neat sum was realized, and will be used for the needs of the Guild room.

With spirits buoyant and countenances aglow with cheer and expectancy for a delightful evening, the deaf members of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church gathered in strong numbers at the Christmas exercises of the Bible Classes on the 22d. The affair is a yearly feature at Christmastide, and is counted the most pleasant of all the Society's gatherings. The programme was as enjoyable as it was interesting, and doubtless at-

tained the object of further impressing upon the young people the young people the priceless lessons of the occasion. The programme was as follows:

Prayer, and an address on the meaning of Christmas.....Dr. Johnston  
The Old, Old Story.....Charles T. Hummer  
Story of the Magi, from Ben Hur.....James H. Rose  
Hymn—"Hark, the Herald Angels Sing".....Mary C. Pfeiffer and Bella Bensinger  
Story of St. Christopher.....A. McL. Baxter  
Annie and Willie's Prayer, a Christmas Carol.....Bertha McVea  
Carol—"The Night Before Christmas".....James A. Vens  
Distribution of presents and confectionery in Christmas boxes.  
Address by Mr. Hall, Superintendent of the Sunday School.  
"Gloria in Excelsis," by a choir of eight young men, led by Herman Beerd.  
"Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep," led by H. C. Dickerson

It is difficult to describe in words the successful conclusion of the exercises, save to let the programme speak for itself. Mr. Hummer's part was a symposium of the birth of the Christ Child selected from the whole Bible, and he acquitted himself with his usual excellence. Mr. Rose followed closely Lew Wallace's picturesque account of the movements of the Magi, and their meeting in the desert. The description of the Star as it flashed suddenly upon the world sent a thrill of awe over the assemblage. It was a wonderful picture scene presented to the class in signs. Mrs. McVea's rendition was splendid, a mixture of sadness and gladness, culminating with joyous cheer for two dear little children on Christmas morn. The sweeping gestures of Mr. Baxter fitted the gigantic proportions of St. Christopher, and called forth merited applause, while the droll version of Mr. Aven's, who was dressed as a young boy in knickerbockers, white collar, flowing tie and cap, carried every one back to the time when they were children and looked forward to Santa's visits.

The distribution of the handsome presents annually awarded, was another pleasant feature of the evening. The following names were called by Mr. William Hutton, and the books presented with appropriate words of eulogium in his characteristic manner: For perfect attendance, Emma Dresing, "Red Letter Testament," and Henry Miller, American Revised Holy Bible. For second best attendance and rendition of weekly hymns, Mary Pfeiffer, "The Speaking Oak." For occasional rendition of hymns, Bella Bensinger, "Winsome Womanhood." For the weekly memory verse, Henry Miller, "Excelsior Diary." For superior scholarship, C. T. Hummer, "Peloniet's Select S. S. Notes."

While the above exercises were going on, the platform was a cheering sight, showing a pile of groceries donated by the members in response to a notice in the Church Calendar for contributions of eatables for the East Side work during the winter. They ranged from a package of a pound of coffee to ten pounds of sugar, and were varied in material, size, weight, and quantity; such as cereals, canned goods, jelly, crackers, soups, flour, etc. They will be carried in a large basket to the church platform at the Sunday School Festival on the 29th by two of the class members, the same as the other Sunday school classes following the roll call. Mr. Hall expressed his great delight at the interest manifested in the substantial co-operation of the deaf members with the Sunday school of the church.

The class has presented Dr. Johnston with a superb edition of Dickens' books, which, however, represent only a small part of their loving appreciation of his many kindnesses during the year.

There was quite an exciting time at the rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, on Thursday evening, December 24th. It was the Annual Meeting for the election of officers, and brought forth a quorum and a margin over. There were fully forty present, but about ten of these were not voters. President Frankenstein made quite a pleasing speech, and then nominated for tellers, Messrs. Gass, Simonson and Glostein, and had his selection ratified by a unanimous vote. The names of the candidates for officer had been printed on slips of paper, and all the voter had to do was to put a line around his choice. All went smoothly, and the result of the balloting gives to the organization the following officers for the year nineteen hundred and four: Francis W. Nubser, President; Arthur C. Bachrach, 1st Vice President; Henry Kohlman, 2d Vice President; Marcus L. Kenner, Secretary; Simon Hirsch, Treasurer; and Samuel Frankenstein, Emanuel Sonweine, Executive Committee. The list of officers as a whole was then unanimously approved, and after some routine business had been transacted the meeting adjourned.

Marcus L. Kenner returned from Philadelphia last Monday, where he had been enjoying the Christmas vacation as the guest of his school chum and bosom friend, Dr. Ellis Lit. The two visited various places of interest, notably Independence Hall, Betsy Ross Flag House,

U. S. Mint, Franklin's grave, and others of historical value. Also the buildings of the merchant princes, Gimbel Bros., and Lit Bros., who are related to the host as cousins and uncles, respectively. A trip was made to the Mt. Airy School for the Deaf, but unfortunately it was closed to visitors on Sundays. He, however, gazed with admiration at the school buildings, of which his chum was a former pupil. A pleasant afternoon was spent at the home of Miss Foley, a teacher at the Mt. Airy Institution, whose acquaintance he had the pleasure to make. His cravings to visit Philadelphia thus satiated, Mr. Kenner took leave, but not without an expression of gratefulness to his kind young host and his parents as well, whose hospitality he had so immensely enjoyed.

On Saturday evening, December 26th the Tremont Five, journeyed to Mamaroneck, N. Y., where they tried their skill with the team that represented the Mamaroneck Battalion Five, and in a well played and exciting game, the mutes came off victors by the score of 19 to 14. The rules that govern the playing for the season of 1903-'04, were a handicap to the Tremont Five, for they are accustomed to the old rules and there were many goals gained by fouls which were frequent on the mutes. A large crowd saw the game, and it was stated that it was the best of the season. On New Year's Day, January 1st, the Tremonts will face the crack team of the Hollywood Inn Club in Yonkers, N. Y.

The following were the basketball games played by the Lexington A. A. (school team) last week, and their respective scores:

December 22d—  
Lexington A. A. ....32  
Public School No. 25.....2  
December 23d—  
Lexington A. A. ....24  
Public School No. 103.....2  
December 24th—  
Lexington A. A. ....11  
Public School No. 30.....0

The daily papers have been "featuring" William Scott Abrams during the past week, because he recently discovered the whereabouts of his sister, whom he had not seen for twenty-two years. She came to New York from Winnipeg, Manitoba, and there was an affecting meeting at the Grand Central Depot.

Because of the great prosperity of the year of 1903, the Executive Committee of the Union League ordered that the inaugural dinner on January 2d be given in their rooms, and that the organization assume all the expenses in connection with the affair. Formerly, the members were usually assessed.

Among the deaf who saw the Physical Show at Madison Square Garden, last Monday evening, were Messrs. A. L. Pach, I. N. Soper, Henry Kohlman, William Renner, Alfred Stern, Edward Elsworth, and William Lynch.

Gus Bernhardt, in conjunction with Mr. Emil Stipek, gave a social at the former's home in honor of Mr. Stipek's birthday, last Christmas Eve.

The membership of the Union League has now passed the half-hundred mark.

William Haerzel, of Buffalo, is in town, and will remain here till January 5th.

Messrs. Benjamin Elkin and Frank Cava were admitted into the Union League.

### RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Arnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

Bible Classes meet at eight o'clock.

On and after Sunday, January 3, Dr. Johnston will preach at 3:30 in the afternoon, instead of the evening, and the Bible Classes will meet at 4 o'clock.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Friday, from 8 to 10 P.M.

### New Year Means Progress.

A new year, not simply another year. Many people may be said to live the same year over and over again. Each succeeding year is the same unit added once more to the sum of life. There is the same task performed in the same spirit with the same motive; the same imperfections of character, the same failures of conduct. The times may change and progress hasten, but if we stand still, we live only the old year once again. A new year never comes to the contented ox; he simply grows old. It is not the lapse of time or the progress of civilization, but our progress, which makes possible to us a new year. —Josiah Strong.

### Antiquity of the Saw.

Saws were used by the ancient Egyptians. One that was discovered with several other carpenter's tools in a private tomb at Thebes is now preserved in the British Museum. The blade, which appears to be of brass, is ten and one-half inches long and one and a quarter inches broad at the widest part. The teeth are irregular, and appear to have been formed by striking a blunt-edged instrument against the edge of the plate, the burr, or rough shoulders, thus produced, not being removed.

A painting copied in Rosellini's work on Egypt antiquities represents a man using a similar saw, the piece of wood that he is cutting being held between two upright posts. In other representations the timber is bound with ropes to a single post, and in one, also copied by Rosellini, the workman is engaged in tightening the rope, having left the saw sticking in the cut.

In an engraving given in the third volume of "Wilkinson's Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians," a saw is represented of much larger dimensions, its length being, by comparison with the man, not less than three or four feet. It does not appear that the Egyptians used saws worked by two men.

The invention of saws was variously attributed by the Greeks to two or three individuals, who are supposed to have taken the idea from the jawbone of the snake or the backbone of a fish. There is a very curious picture among the remains discovered in the ruins of Herculaneum, representing the interior of a carpenter's workshop, with two geni cutting a piece of wood with a frame saw on an altar preserved in the Capitoline Museum at Rome there is a perfect representation of a bow-saw, exactly resembling, in the form of a frame and the twisted cord for tightening it, those used by modern carpenters. From these remains it is evident that these forms of the instruments were known to the ancients.

### Concerning Proctor's

WEEK OF JAN. 4.

The play for Jan. 4 at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre will be "The Magistrate." It was originally acted at Daly's Theatre, in the good old stock days of Augustin Daly, with Rohan, John Drew, Mrs. Gilbert, James Lewis, Frederic Bond, etc., in the cast. It is one of the very best of Pluero's earlier comedies, full of life, action and genuine wit. The vaudeville section of the bill will be great.

An unusually big bill of holiday vaudeville will be the attraction at Proctor's Twenty-third Street next week. Among the many headline acts booked, one of importance will be Mme. Adelaide Herrmann, wife of the greatest magician and illusionist this world has ever known. She will present some new illusions, heretofore unknown, Eugene O'Rourke and company, will present a bright sketch, entitled "A Summer's Cloud." Sixteen minutes of hearty laughter are in store for those who see Harris and Walters in their laughable sketch, "The Lamppost Inspector."

Proctor's One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Theatre will have as the attraction next week, three act roaring farce comedy, "Love in Harness," by Augustin Daly. The leading roles will be interpreted by Miss Florence Reed, in Ada Rohan's old part, Miss Jessie Bonestelle in the role created by Virginia Dreher. Mr. Paul McAlister, Mr. Sol Aiken, Mr. Charles M. Sany, Mrs. Bossie Lea Lestlin, Mr. William Cullington, Mr. John Westley, and other Proctor favorites. Excellent vaudeville.

### Pearl's of Thought.

Word-energy is seldom work-energy.  
Life's little frets call for its largest faith.  
Time spent in courtesy is never wasted.  
The waste of time sows the weeds of eternity.  
Happiness can only come in where it goes out.  
The heavy laden are likely to rise the highest.  
Love is the best lens with which to view another.  
Patience and earnestness are the passwords to success.  
No need to eat the brambles in order to get the berries.  
The pruning off of sins will not of itself produce perfection.  
The absence of sanity does not prove the presence of sanctity.  
The most dangerous hypocrite is the one who deceives himself.  
Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct.  
Three things to live—courage, gentleness and affection.  
Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.  
Three things to wish for—health, friends and a cheerful spirit.  
Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.  
Three things to fight for—honor, country and home.  
Three things to think about—life, death and eternity.—Ea.



that each of you may have a very happy Christmas; and that the Christ may be born in the heart of every one of you, to your joy, and your thought and your forever."



## FANWOOD.

### Christmas Festival in the Kindergarten.

### VERY ENJOYABLE PARTY

### A Grateful Boy is Grateful to Santa Claus.

From our Regular Correspondent.  
THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

There was great rejoicing in the Fanwood Kindergarten during the preparations for the Christmas Festival, as each child had some share in the pleasant work. Busy little fingers fashioned pretty gifts for friends at home and school, strung pop corn, wove baskets, and made other decorations for the tree. The kindergarten rooms were decorated profusely with pine, holly, gilt stars, and red bells; while pupils from the Art Department covered the blackboards with gay Christmas pictures.

The festival was held on Friday afternoon, and at half past one a very merry company of little people marched into the main kindergarten room, and took their places at the attractive tables. After a Christmas greeting had been spelled, there was a lively popping of cap mottoes, until every one had put on a more or less becoming cap. Mr. Hodgson came in just then with his camera, and took a snap shot at the pretty scene; then after the fruit, cakes, candy, and nuts had been thoroughly enjoyed, every one marched up to the chapel to see the Christmas tree.

While the children were admiring the tree, and also the room and fire place which had been built on the platform, the Principal asked if they would like to have him ask Santa Claus to come down the chimney and visit them. There was a very eager and unanimous assent. Our good friend Santa responded very promptly to the summons, and much to the astonishment of the little ones, came down through the fireplace in his red suit and furs, with hair and beard as white as snow. He received a very cordial welcome from the kindergarten, especially as he had a dainty box of candy and a hearty handshake for each one.

Every one was pleased to have Mrs. Currier, Miss Prudence Lewis, Mrs. Randall, her two little girls, and other guests attend the party, and especially delighted that our Principal could be with us all the afternoon, as the Christmas festival is never a success when he is absent.

A satisfied and happy company of girls and boys said goodbye to Santa Claus for this year, and are wishing now that next December were not so far off.

The following is a sequel to the "Letter to Santa Claus" printed in last week's Fanwood column. Like the preceding letter, it is a reprint from the Port Jervis Union:—

#### A Grateful Little Boy.

A letter from Walter E. Kadel, thanking old Santa Claus for all the good things he brought him on Christmas morning and for all the good things not mentioned in his letter to old Santa Claus. He says he will write him again next year for the things he forgot this time. Walter is doing well at the school he attends, and his parents are enjoying his presence at home during the holiday.

PORT JERVIS, Dec. 26, 1903.

DEAR OLD SANTA CLAUS:—I can plainly see that you got the letter that I sent you asking you not to forget me. I got all the good things asked for and many others, as requested, and thank you for them all. I will write you again next year. Good-bye, from your loving friend,

WALTER E. KADEL.

Among the visitors at the Institution this week were William Haenzel and R. H. Watts, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. Pope, the Superintendent of the Exhibits from Schools for the Deaf and Blind, at the St. Louis Exposition, spent Saturday afternoon at the Institution. He is endeavoring to arrange for a practical objective exhibit to set forth the methods and measures employed to bring to usefulness the Deaf and the Blind.

#### BROOKLYN GUILD.

Among other business to be transacted by the Brooklyn Guild at its meeting in the evening of January 7th next, will be the seating of the newly-elected officials, and the appointment of various committees, besides other matters that may come up, after which story telling and remarks appropriate to the first meeting in the new year will take up the rest of the time.

All members of the Brooklyn Guild are earnestly requested to attend this meeting, which takes place at St. Mark's Chapel, next Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock. Be on hand early, and thus insure the new officials to great exertions in the charitable work of the Brooklyn Guild. HENRY L. JUHRING, GEO. L. REYNOLDS, President, Cor. Sec'y.

78 South Fourth Street.

#### Knowing and Doing.

"Knowledge is power," we have been assured for many a long year, and so well established is the proverb in the minds of the people that an effort to prove its fallacy would be as futile as was the effort to stop the waves' advance by word of command. Truly, knowledge is power, but the modern idea is different from what it once was. It is not so many years, as the world goes, that a classical education was sufficient to raise its possessor above the "common herd." In those days any degree of incapability or impracticability in the common affairs of every-day life were forgiven a man if he were but possessed of "book larnin'." Those less fortunate in that respect looked with good-natured tolerance upon the visionary, and said, "Yes, he's a good bit of a fool in a good many ways, but he's an awful smart man when it comes to books."

At that time the suggestion was never made that the educated should be able to do things. Knowledge in those days was a matter of the head, not of the hands. Knowledge was ennobling, and skill degrading. It mattered not how little good a man was to the world with his head stuffed with astronomical facts, Latin declensions, and other diversified mental trimmings. To have and to hold them was his end in life. His education was for ornament, not for use, and often made the wearer purely ornamental.

But such things could not continue. The Americans, as we often say proudly, are a practical people. They saw that education of the right sort should fit a man for the business of life, and that an educated worker had greater producing capacity than an uneducated one. Selfish motives inspired a change in educational methods. Technical schools and institutes, and the addition of manual training to high-school courses, show the trend away from the old order of things. Yet consider how little progress has been made in the solution of the problem of what proportion of head and hand work is the best. It has been asserted that in the United States one hundred children are taught to know something to one that is taught to do something. This is a curious commentary on the "practical" American people, when we remember that the proportion of those who need to do something to those who need merely to know something, is as one hundred to one—the first proportion reversed.

Some of the old idea survives that higher education unfits a man for a business life. We have had a man at the head of a billion-dollar trust, who had worked himself to that position from the rank of laborer, saying that a college education would have been a hindrance instead of a help to him. That his record as a financier has shown some deviations from the normal detracts nothing from the great fact of his rise, nor need it influence us to reject his judgment. We hear, too, of a firm in Chicago which employs seven hundred clerks and other workers, and has not a single person in all the number who has a classical education. The announced policy of the firm is against the employment of persons with a college training. The firm simply says that a college career unfits people for work, and they will have none of it. It is no answer that that is in Chicago, where the people prefer to "rise on a pile of canvased hams instead of on their dead selves," as a recent writer has expressed it. The fact is there, and has to be considered.

Wherein, then, lies our hope for the future? Are we to be driven to an educational system which leaves out of reckoning all that makes life pleasurable through intellectual development? Hardly! There will be an increased development of manual training, and technical schools will continue to flourish. Education must not unfit persons for work, but must, instead, make them better workmen. Knowledge is power, and never will it make itself felt more strongly than when directed by the hand of a man who has been educated to all of his possibilities, mental and manual.—Editorial in *Silent Hoosier*.

#### The New Republic.

The new Republic of Panama comprises the Isthmus of Panama, with many islands. It has an area of 32,380 square miles. It is, therefore, nearly the size of the State of Maine, which has an area of 33,040 square miles, and is somewhat larger than Indian Territory, which has an area of 31,400 square miles, and South Carolina, which has 30,570 square miles. It is larger than New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont, Rhode Island and Connecticut, which cover 31,265 square miles. It is about as large as West Virginia and New Jersey, which combined have an area of 32,605 square miles. Its population is about 285,000.

The capital of Panama is the city of Panama, which has a population of about 35,000. It is a bishop's see and has a handsome cathedral and five other churches, a charity hospital and a normal and several

private schools sustained by the government. One newspaper is published daily in Spanish and English. The surrounding country is fertile, but the city has but little trade. The city of Panama is situated on a tongue of land which extends some distance out to sea. The harbor is safe for small vessels; large vessels cannot approach nearer than three miles from shore, and are unloaded by lighters.

#### Aaron Burr.

Aaron Burr was born in Newark, New Jersey, February 6, 1756. His father was president of Princeton College.

His mother was the daughter of a great preacher, named Jonathan Edwards.

Aaron had one sister. His parents died when he was very young, and his uncle took care of him and his sister.

They had a great deal of money. He was very smart.

When he was eleven years old he was ready to enter Princeton College, but he was too young.

He entered Princeton College when he was thirteen years old.

He was very handsome and had fascinating manners.

After he graduated he studied law.

He fought in the Revolutionary War, and was made a colonel.

After the war he practiced law in Albany, New York.

He married Mrs. Theodosia Prevost.

She was the widow of an English officer.

He soon moved to New York and became one of the smartest lawyers in that city.

He had one child. Her name was Theodosia. Her mother died when she was a little girl. Her father loved her very much.

She was a beautiful child, and was very smart.

Alexander Hamilton lived in New York then, and he and Burr were enemies.

In 1800 Burr was made vice-president of the United States. Alexander Hamilton said something about Burr in a speech.

It made Burr angry. He asked Hamilton to fight a duel with him.

They fought and Burr killed Hamilton. The people of New York were very angry with him for killing Hamilton.

He was afraid to live there, so he left his beautiful home and went to South Carolina to stay with his daughter.

After awhile he tried to get some men to help him start a new government in the southwestern part of the United States.

He wanted to be the ruler of that government. He hoped that the western states would join his government.

He got a man named Blennerhassett to help him. Blennerhassett was a very rich man. He lived on an island in the Ohio river. He had a beautiful home. He lost his home and all his money trying to help Burr.

Burr was arrested for treason. He was soon acquitted, but he had lost all his money and was disgraced.

He went to Europe to live.

After a long time he came back to New York. He did not want people to know who he was. He called himself Arnot. He practiced law in New York. No one respected him.

When he was 78 years old he married Madam Jumel. She was a rich widow.

He married her because he was very poor and she was rich. They did not live together long. He was so poor that an old servant of his took care of him.

He died in New York Sept. 14, 1836.—School Helper.

## BASKET BALL.

### "Silent Five"

-VS-

### Bethany B. B. T.

AT

POLO ATHLETIC CLUB  
129th St. and Park Ave.

Saturday Evening,  
January 9, 1904

AT 8:30

Preliminary Game—  
"QUIET FIVE" vs. POLO A. C.

ADMISSION, - - - 25 CENTS

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#### The Gallaudet Memorial.

It is proposed to create a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., by the erection of a Parish Building for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The present Church is situated on 148th Street, just west of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built some twenty-five feet back from the line of the street to permit the erection of such a building as above indicated, which will form a facade to the church edifice and be a center of religious and social life amongst the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet hoped during his lifetime to see the erection of this building, which would have completed the church with which his name has always been associated. This was not permitted, and it is suggested as a most fitting memorial to him that this work be now undertaken. St. Ann's Church is used wholly for the deaf mutes.

The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about \$30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

Subscriptions may be sent to the

HON. THOS. L. JAMES, Treasurer,  
Lincoln National Bank,  
Forty-second Street, East,  
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The Hon. Thomas L. James, Treasurer, Lincoln National Bank, Forty-second Street, East, New York.

## SECOND ANNUAL Masquerade Ball AND Carnival

OF THE

### Brooklyn Deaf-Mutes' Club

AT THE

New Leidekrantz Hall  
152-154 Manhattan Avenue, corner  
Meersole Street, Brooklyn.

Saturday Evening,  
January 30, 1904.

MUSIC BY PROF. AMBROSE K. REIFF.

TICKETS, - - - 25 CENTS

#### Committee of Arrangements.

JOHN D. BUCKLEY, Chairman.

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Prizes will be awarded the best costumed lady and gentlemen portraying the subject they present.

#### How to Reach the Hall.

Take Ferry from foot of Roosevelt Street, or Grand Street, or East 23d Street, or 42d Street, or Houston Street. Arriving in Brooklyn take Bushwick Avenue Trolley cars. From the Bridge take the Graham Avenue trolley cars, and tell the conductor to stop at Leidekrantz Hall.

It is the intention of the Brooklyn Deaf-Mutes' Club to make this occasion far surpass any ever yet undertaken, and in addition to the usual features, they have arranged for a grand carnival. Mr. Warren will have charge of the carnival end of the programme, and we think from present indications, will make things hum.

THE attention of graduates of the old Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, and others, is respectfully called to the following announcement:

I have a very few lithographs of the old school, containing, besides portraits of Mr. Foster and Dr. Crocker, former principals, twelve views of the Institution. It is a fine picture in black and white, size 25x32 inches, and was published about twenty years ago.

I have, also, a few hundred lithographic Gallaudet Alphabet Cards, the finest ever published, in 13 colors and gold. The size is 6x9 1/4 inches. They are nice to give particular hearing friends. There is a card within a card, a blank space on which you can write your name and present your compliments. A marked sample copy will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. The cards will not be sold in lots less than half a dozen for 50 cents, or \$1.00 per baker's dozen.

On account of the demand being greater than the supply, the price of the Institution picture has been raised to \$2.00 per copy, mailing 10 cents extra. A deposit of 50 cents sent at once to Mr. Elwell will secure you a copy until January 1st, 1904.

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#### ENTERTAINMENT

OF

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[For the increase of the Deaf Fund.]

Saturday evening,  
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#### Chester Row Hall

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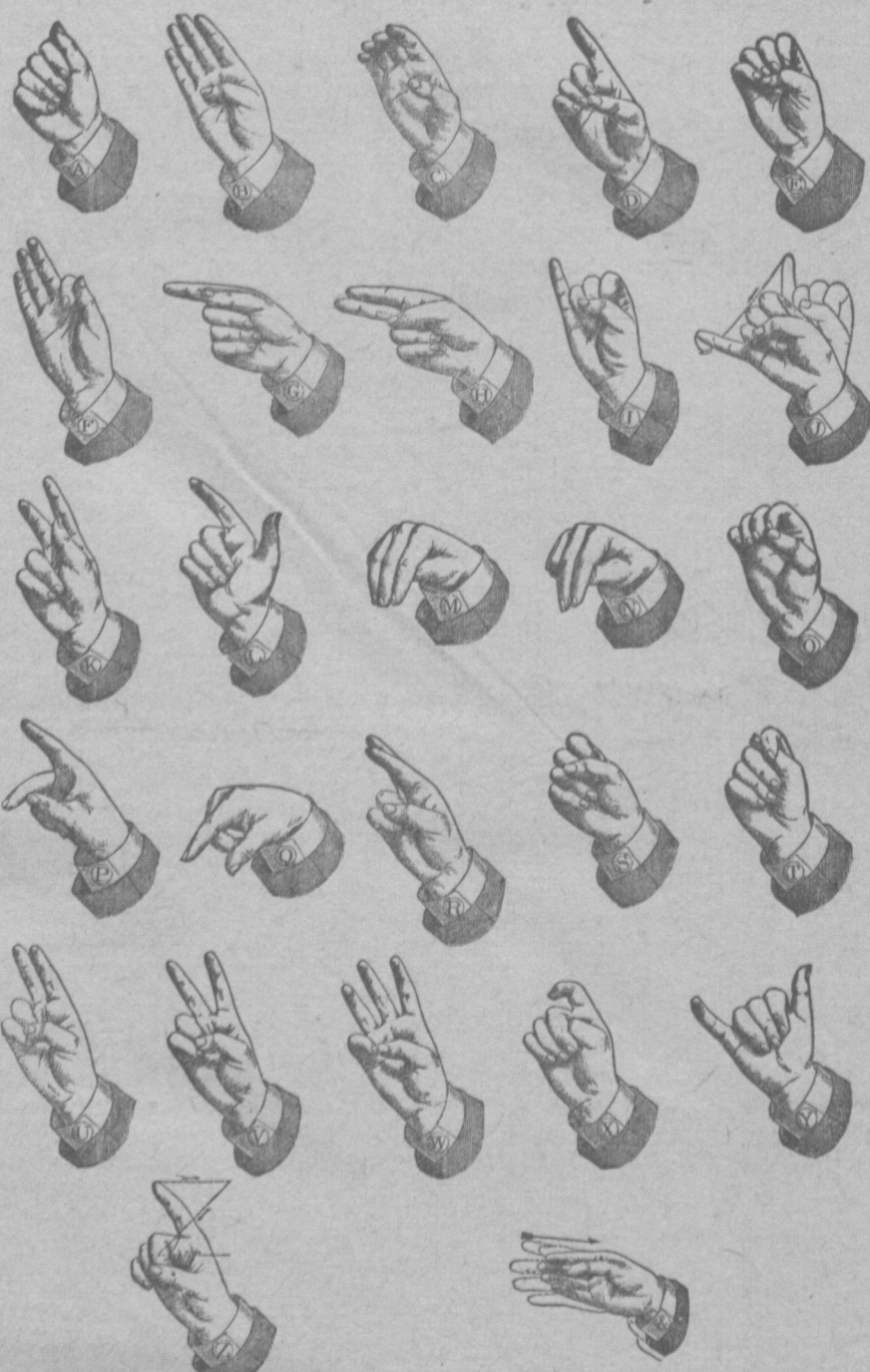
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## American Manual Alphabet.



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OF THE

## League of Elect Surds

(Majestic Hall, 125th Street, Bet. Park and Lexington Aves.)

Thursday Evening, January 14, 1904

Through the courtesy of Mr. Enoch Henry Currier, M.A., Principal of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, we are able to present—

I.—EXHIBITION DRILL by Company C, Fanwood Cadets, Captain Samuel Freedman.

II.—GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION by a selected team from the Fanwood Athletic Association.

III.—SELECTIONS rendered by the Fanwood Fife, Bugle and Drum Corps:

1. Canadian Rag-time March—Bohemian Bugles and Drums. 4. The Cambells Are Coming, and Auld Lang Syne—Fifes and Drums.  
2. To Arms (French)—Bohemian Bugles 5. March "The Union." Introducing Dixie, Yankee Doodle and Star Spangled Banner—Fifes and Drums.  
3. "Hiawatha" March—Fifes and Drums.

IV.—The Entertainment will conclude with the production of a one act Comedy Farce entitled

"THE DRUMMER'S RETURN," OR "THE WRONG FLAT."

(Adapted by Mr. C. J. LeClercq.)

TIME.....The Present. PLACE.....An Apartment on Lenox Ave.

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Mrs. John Noolywed.....Miss Violet Pearce  
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Mrs. Robert Sellwood.....Miss Mabel Pearce  
Bridget.....Mr. W. G. Jones

To be followed by Dancing.

Music by Prof. Reiff.

Admission, - - - 50 cents  
Reserved Seats, - - - 75 cents

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